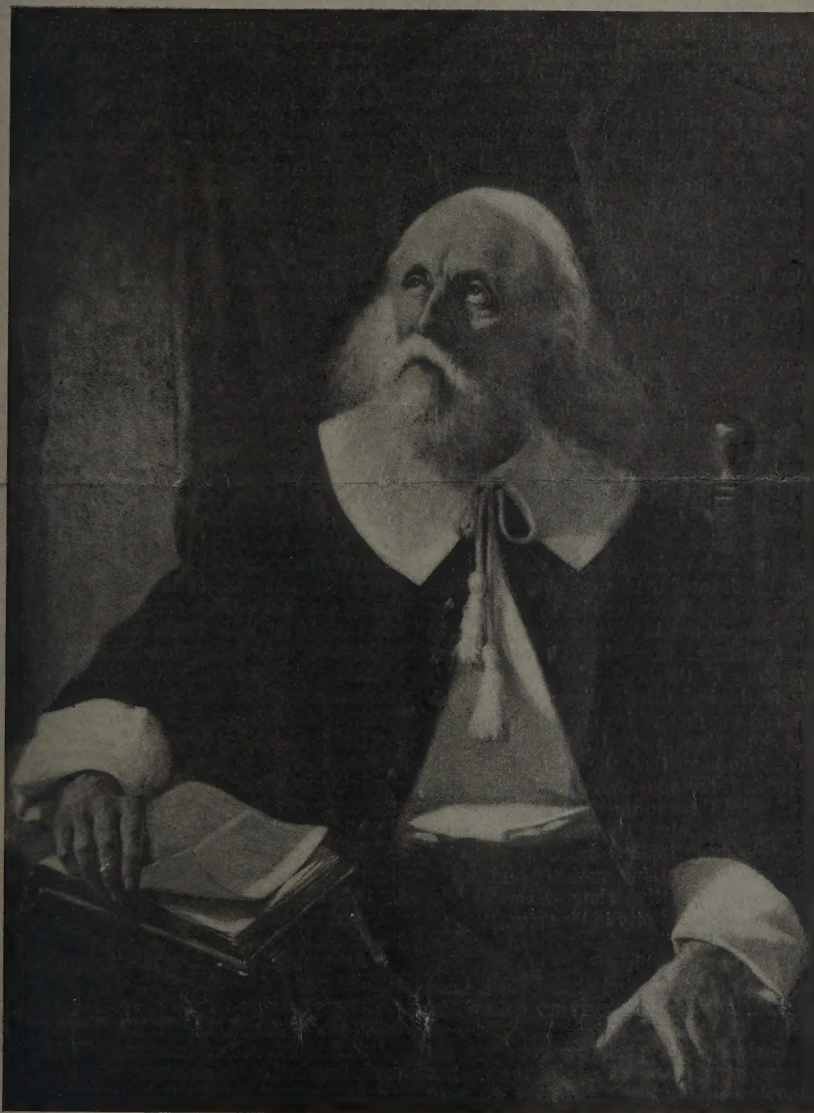


EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXII.—No. 4. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

OCT. 21, 1906.



THE OLD PURITAN.—WHITTAKER.

RELIGION in its purity is not so much a pursuit as a temper, or rather it is a temper leading to the pursuit of all that is high and holy. Its foundation is faith; its action, works; its temper, holiness; its aim, obedience to God in improvement of self and benevolence to men.

EDWARDS.

SIR Moses Montefiore's motto was, "Think and thank." How often, if one but stops to think thoroughly and fairly, one's half-expressed complaint may be turned to a prayer of gratitude! There is no better motto to cure a fit of the blues than "Think and thank."

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice.

DR. JOHNSON.

THE BOY THAT SAYS "NO."

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right!
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy that says "No."

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about!
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
And do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you'll overcome in the fight.
"The right," be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

For Every Other Sunday.

WHERE EVERETT DALE SUCCEEDED.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

EVERETT DALE rode five miles to go home. The wind was cold, and the rain and sleet that filled his beard quickly froze. His horse jogged along at a four-mile-an-hour gait,—no faster than a man could walk,—now and then momentarily aroused by the whip which descended more from habit than for any other reason. There were tears in Dale's eyes, and from time to time he wiped them impatiently away.

"I guess I'm an out-and-out failure," he said at length. "This is the third time I have forgotten what I had to say and been obliged to bring the service to a close. Every one else thinks I'm a failure, too. No one need tell me of it."

At the barn Dale fumbled about until he found a lantern, and, having made his horse comfortable for the night, went into the house.

Almost the first thing he noticed upon entering was a photograph of an old college chum, David Williams, which had been sent him a day or two previous along with a note stating that he would come down the following week for a day or so.

Williams was "settled" in a prosperous city forty miles distant, and was well liked, if reports were true. His church had taken on a new lease of life with his coming. It was strange, too; for at college Williams was considered rather dull, a little slow of speech, and, taken all together, an unpromising candidate for the clergy. Dale, on the contrary, had led his class in nearly every study, and nearly every one predicted a bright future for him. Somehow in the two years that had elapsed since leaving college everything had seemed to change. Williams had forged ahead, while Dale had been obliged to content himself with a country pastorate; and even that, according to his own words, he had made a failure of.

"I might as well look the facts square in the face now as any time," said Dale, seating himself before the kitchen fire which his boarding-mistress had kept burning for his comfort. "I'm not cut out for a minister, whatever else I'm good for. Next Sunday I will say a few farewell words, hand in my resignation, and turn my attention to some other work where I can be of more service to those about me." Thus Dale talked the matter over, saying much more besides, interrupted now and then by tears, which he could not keep back, for he was giving up his dearest ambition.

The storm continued that night and the following day. The next morning, when the train from the East rolled in, Dale was at the depot and greeted Williams as he stepped from the rear car. Williams joked with Dale on the way up from the station, and seemed the same jovial fellow he had ever been, save that when his conversation turned to sacred matters there was an earnestness in his voice that Dale had never known in the past.

"How are you getting along?" asked Williams at length.

Dale had been expecting the question all the morning. For a moment he looked across the white fields, and a troubled look came into his eyes.

"David," said he, "I'm not getting along at all. I have made a serious mistake. The Lord did not call me to this work. My work is in another part of the vineyard."

"What!" exclaimed Williams, looking at Dale in astonishment, "you have mistaken the call?"

"Yes, David," said Dale, "the fact is I'm an utter failure in the pulpit."

"Impossible!"

"It is the truth, David. Since Sunday night I have seen things in a different light. I am waiting now to be shown the way. I believe there is a work for me somewhere, but not in the pulpit."

The following Sunday Dale spoke for the last time in the little church on the hill. He did not mount the platform. Somehow he felt that his place was not there. He stood right down among his little flock and told them all about the matter that had so troubled him,—told them that there was a work for him to do, but that it was in some other field. Then, when he had finished speaking, he handed in his resignation; and, when he had closed the simple service with a very broken prayer, one by one they all shook hands with him, and there was not a dry eye among them all.

Williams had invited Dale to spend a few days with him, and it was there that he went on Monday morning. Somehow that morning, as he left the little village and the friends he had made, and journeyed toward the city, a feeling of utter discouragement came over him, and he asked himself if there was a place in the

Master's vineyard for him. For a time Dale really doubted.

Dale walked from the station thinking to save a nickel, for he scarcely knew where the next dollar was coming from. Presently a child approached him and begged for the means to purchase a loaf of bread. It was this child that received the coin.

The little one passed on her way, but Dale paused in his walk. For a moment he wondered if he were not losing his reason. He placed his hand to his head, and would have fallen, had he not steadied himself by a friendly railing. A peace and joy of which he had never tasted before filled his soul, and a flood of light illumined the future. Everett Dale saw his place in the Master's vineyard.

It does not take the Lord very long to outline His work, however great. Long before Dale reached his friend's house he appreciated the great work before him—caring for those in need and gladdening the hearts of those who knew sorrow.

There was no period of delay. The very next morning Dale called upon several business men, those interested in charitable work and those who did little or nothing in that line. From one he secured financial assistance; from another, a dry-goods merchant, a great box of damaged garments; from a coal merchant, an order for five tons of coal. Before night a score of men and women were intensely interested in the work he had laid before them.

Two rooms were hired in the lowest part of the city, and one of these rooms Dale called "home." In the other room he stored most of the goods given him from day to day.

He did not have to go far to find the first worthy object of charity. In the very next door lived a cripple who lacked proper food and clothing. In less than three hours both had been supplied.

Months passed, and every day was Dale becoming more devoted to his work of love. There was no night too stormy for him to venture out when he knew of one in distress whom he could assist. A stranger would have imagined that Dale was one of the needy, judging from his clothes; for he had utterly discarded his clerical garb and was dressed in garments as patched and faded as those worn by those whom he succored. He knew that, thus attired, he could better reach those who were groping in darkness, and point them to the right road.

He was walking along the street one morning when a stylishly attired gentleman passed him, paused, and then, turning, accosted him.

"How are you getting along, Everett?" he asked, with a shade of pity in his voice.

"First rate, John."

"You are not preaching?"

"Yes, in my way." And then Dale handed him a card telling of his mission among the poor of the city.

The finely dressed gentleman was an old schoolmate, now pastor of one of the wealthiest churches in the city. He read the card and held out his hand for a second time, and, when he spoke, his voice was very husky.

"Everett," said he, "you are doing more good than I can ever hope to accomplish. I would that I could change places with you."

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

G. D. BOARDMAN.

AN INTERESTING ALPHABET.

ATTEND carefully to details.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few special acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not, intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to every one a kindly greeting.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right, and success is certain.
Author Unknown.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE OLD TREE'S LESSON.

BY GRACE E. SNOW.

THERE was great excitement among the branches of the old tree that stood by the roadside. Spring had come, and ever so many little leaves opened their eyes for the first time upon the big, beautiful world. They were eager to grow large and strong, so they could do something great in this big, beautiful world,—something that everybody would know about, and love them for doing.

By the time summer had come with its warm sunny days, the leaves had grown broad and strong, and cast a thick, cool shadow around the old tree. The little birds, who, in the early springtime, had built their nests among the branches of the tree, where the leaves were thickest, sang their grateful thanks to them for hiding their little homes away from harm.

"Is this all we have to do?" asked the leaves of the old tree.

"Is it not enough to protect the little nests, and make the birds feel safe with you around them?" the old tree replied.

The little children came to play in the cooling shade, and they thanked the leaves for it by their merry laughter and happy faces.

"And is this all we have to do?" the leaves asked again.

"Are you not content to please the children?" the old tree made answer.

Many a weary traveller, passing along the dusty road, paused beneath the old tree to rest.

"And is this all we have to do?" the leaves again inquired of the old tree.

"Are you not happier to know that you have made a few journeys at least easier by your cooling shade?" the old tree asked them.

At last autumn came, and the leaves were once again on tiptoe with eagerness. They had each been given a new dress of red and gold, and they felt sure that now they were about to do something worth while in the world. Again the children came, and danced with delight to see the leaves' bright new dresses.

"Is this all?" the leaves still asked the old tree.

"Are you not satisfied that you have made the

children twice happy?" the old tree made answer.

One morning the leaves felt the old tree loosen her hold on them, and they fell to the ground.

"Alas! alas!" sighed the leaves. "We have been waiting all summer for something worth doing, and here we are on the ground just shrivelling up."

"Was it not worth while to shelter the little birds?" asked the old tree. "Was it not worth while to give cool shade for the children to play in and the traveller to rest in? Was it not worth while to put on your gay dresses that the earth might be a little brighter? All of us cannot do great things that the whole world may see. For many, many years I have stood right here, content to give and nourish the leaves every spring, and yet very few have known of my small work. Still I have been happy in doing it."

"Your work is not all done. You must help keep me warm through the winter, that I may grow other leaves for the next spring. And after that you must turn into soft rich mould to feed my roots, so that I may nourish the leaves. Now do you not see that in a quiet way you are all doing a noble work, although the big world knows nothing of it?"

"Thank you, dear old tree, for the lesson you have taught us," said all the leaves together. Then they nestled closer to the old tree's roots, and contentedly fell asleep.

TRUE GLADNESS.

Be glad when the flowers have faded?

Be glad when the trees are bare?

When the fog lies thick on the field and moors?

And the frost is in the air?

When all around is a desert,

And the clouds obscure the light?

When there are no songs for the darkest days,

No stars for the longest night?

Ah, yes, for the truest gladness

Is not in ease or mirth;

It has its home in the heart of God,

Not in the loves of the earth.

God's love is the same forever,

If the skies are bright or dim,

And the joy of the morning lasts all day

When the heart is glad in Him.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE LITTLE HOUSE.

BY KATE WHITING PATCH.

Part III.

"I WISH we did have a library," she said again.

"Annie Ellen," said Marjorie, after exchanging a glance with Katherine, "would you like to take this book to read? You can, you know, if you'll bring it back when you come Saturday."

Annie Ellen's pale face lighted with pleasure. "Really, can I?" she said. "I'll be just as careful. You're real good."

She clasped the book eagerly, and started down the dusty road. Marjorie and Katherine watched her till the brown calico dress and white apron grew very small in the distance. Then Marjorie laid her hand on Katherine's with a mysterious clutch.

"Kathie, I have an idea!" she said. "Why can't we have a library here in our little house?"

"O Marjorie, could we?"

"Let's write to papa and ask him," replied Marjorie, and they hurried in to the old desk.

When they drove Gray to the post-office next morning, Katherine slipped a letter in the box.

Dear Papa [they had written].—There isn't any library here at all, and we know a little girl who never heard of Andersen's fairy tales before, and she only has three books of her very own, and one is a testament. Now we want to know if we can't have a children's library here in our little house. There are shelves all ready to put books on, and a desk, and we can take turns being librarian. Could you send us some books and tell us how to do it, and won't you come to Applecroft soon?

Your loving daughters,
MARJORIE AND KATHERINE.

"We can play there just the same, can't we, Marjorie?" asked Katherine, a little anxiously, as they drove home from the post-office.

"Of course we can," replied Marjorie. "It will only be a library afternoons. Having the books there won't make any difference, for it's nice to have books in houses."

"Of course," said Katherine, quite contented again. "And won't it be lovely to have the library!"

A few days later a box arrived at Applecroft,—a box addressed in great black letters to the Misses Marjorie and Katherine Fiske. They could hardly wait for Ben to open it; but, when the cover was off and they saw the books, both little girls screamed with delight. They were not all new books, but there were plenty of them,—the dear old favorites and new favorites quite as dear.

"Oh, won't Annie Ellen stare?" cried Marjorie in delight.

Best of all, papa himself arrived that afternoon, and he helped the little girls to arrange the books on the shelves, and to number them. Then he brought out a blank-book and showed them how to make a catalogue; and he had brought some really-true library cards for them to use, and a rubber stamp, and lots of little slips of paper and pencils and pens and ink, and all the things that were needed to keep a library properly.

"I want you to do everything carefully and as it should be done," said papa, as he helped them to set the desk in order. "Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

The new library was opened the following Saturday afternoon; and, when Annie Ellen came to return the volume of fairy tales, she paused in amazement at the sight of the filled shelves.

Katherine did not wait for her to speak.

"O Annie Ellen," she cried, "we're going to keep a library here in the little house, and you can have all the books to read that you want."

Annie Ellen did not say a word for a moment. Her eyes filled with tears which she brushed away, ashamed, and her lip quivered.

"I thought you'd be glad," Katherine hastened to add. "Marjorie's going to be librarian to-day, so you go up to the desk and she'll give you a card. Then I'll show you how to find what you want in the catalogue, and you can write your number on a slip of paper and hand it in with your card, and I'll get the book."

"Oh, how nice!" faltered Annie Ellen. "Is it really true? Can any one get a book here?"

"Yes," said Katherine. "You must tell the other girls and boys. We're going to do it all the rest of the summer till we go home."

Annie Ellen sighed happily, and went up to the desk to learn the mysteries of getting a card,—a magic card, it seemed to her, since it was to be the open sesame to all those rows upon rows of books.

With Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales"

tucked under her arm, she soon departed to spread the joyful tidings over the countryside; and all through the afternoon she kept reappearing with groups of shy, awkward youngsters who wanted to "take out a card" and get a book.

The last group did not depart until Aunt Ellen's tea-bell tinkled across the way. Then Marjorie and Katherine locked the door of the little library, and rushed eagerly over to the big house to tell of the marked success of their opening day.

"We've had fifteen cards taken," cried Marjorie, capering about the dining-room, "and both copies of 'Robinson Crusoe' are gone, and 'Eight Cousins,' and three of the animal books."

"And two little boys wanted 'Swiss Family Robinson'; but I told the second one he could have it next time," broke in Katherine. "We have to tell most of them what they want, for they don't know even the commonest books."

Of course the library in the little house was a great success. Papa overlooked it while he was there, and saw that the young librarians understood their duties, and they did not weary of the self-imposed task.

To the children, who, with pitiful eagerness, flocked from all sides to drink at this fountain of knowledge and delight, the little library was a wonderful awakening. To most of them literature had meant a few cheap toy books or an occasional story read by the teacher of the district school. The little town in which they lived had almost dropped away from the notice of the world outside during late years, and few of the children knew more of libraries than had little Annie Ellen. Scarcely an afternoon passed without bringing some one or two eager-eyed boys and girls to the door of the little house, and no one abused the precious rights granted to the holder of a magic card.

(To be continued.)

TRUST.

I LITTLE see, I little know,

Yet can I fear no ill;

He who hath guided me till now

Will be my leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid

Of trouble or of care,

But He my trembling step hath stayed,

And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will

Or wisdom of my own;

That higher Power upholds me still,

And still must bear me on.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,

Nor dreamed what blessings lay

Beyond the gates of human birth

To glad my future way.

Upon His providence I lean,

As lean in faith I must;

The lesson of my life hath been

A heart of grateful trust.

F. L. HOSMER.

TO the Bible men will return, and why? Because they cannot do without it, because happiness is our being, end, and aim, and happiness belongs to righteousness, and righteousness is revealed in the Bible.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



THE LAST SUPPER—LEONARDO DA VINCI.

PERSEVERANCE.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe, golden ears,
Unless we have first been sowers
And watered the flowers with tears.

It is not just as we take it,
This wonderful world of ours;
Life's field will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or of flowers.

For Every Other Sunday.

ONE OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY LINDA DE ARMOND.

STOP punching me in the ribs, Grandfather Scissors. Don't you think I have any feelings?" snapped Mrs. Linen Thread, as she leaned back in the work-basket.

"Oh! excuse me. I thought you were getting rather lazy, sitting all day without a thing to do."

"You are very much mistaken," cried Mrs. Linen Thread. If you knew all I had gone through, I am sure you would not say that. No wonder my hair is white!"

"Tell me all about it. Perhaps I can assist you a little," said Grandfather Scissors.

"Well, when I was quite young, I lived out of doors in the village of Rebeque. My color and health were both good. All my friends and relations lived close around me, and we were truly happy. One day a horrid old man came along, looked at us, bent some of us over, and nearly broke my spine. Then he told the farmer he would give him five hundred dollars if he would gather the flax, and have it prepared ready to make into linen thread. He accepted the proposition; and what torturing we were subjected to!

"All the tall relations were put in one pile, and the short ones in another. I was among the first to go. We were carried to a great big machine with iron teeth. I began to shiver as I thought of being torn to pieces by such monsters, but that was not half of my sufferings. After being bruised and pulled almost

into shreds, I was placed in a large trough of water and nearly drowned. Being too weak to lift up my head, a man carried me gently out, and laid me in the sun. It was so hot there, great blisters raised up on my limbs.

"I was beginning to think the end was near, when a rough fellow thrust me under revolving wheels, where my poor back was bent, and the air squeezed out of me. The next thing I knew, sharp knives cut down the full length of my body. Then I went to the flax mill to finish my course of misery, and now I am sitting here in this basket, 'beautiful linen thread.' Don't you think I deserve a rest?"

"Yes, yes," said Grandfather Scissors, "you certainly have had trouble, but you will find that any place you go. The thing to do is try and keep bright and cheerful through it all. I am now fifty years old, but almost as bright and spry as ever. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Linen Thread. I will call again soon, and see if you are in better spirits."

"Do," replied Mrs. Linen Thread. "Come back soon, and tell me your experience with the world. If I have to live with such common folks as the 'Cotton Family,' it will be a treat to talk with one of the 'Aristocracy.'"

KNOW THY COUNTRY.

A PRECEPT THAT EVERY CITIZEN SHOULD TAKE TO HEART.

JUVENAL said, "This precept descends from heaven: know thyself." To this we add, know thy country. Know its area, its population, its products, native and exclusive, agricultural and mineral. Know its present output and its possibilities. Know its states, its territories and large cities and what they are severally noted for. Know its geography and typography, its constitution, principles, and history, its literature, its art and its sciences, its philosophy, discoveries and inventions. Know its relation to other nations, both political and financial. Know its possessions,—Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines,—their history severally, the customs and lan-

guages of their people, and the sources of their wealth. Many men know these things now, and love their country and are serviceable to their fellow-citizens in proportion to their knowledge. It costs labor and the sacrifice of so-called pleasure to acquire this knowledge; but to the genuinely manly man, whose life's purpose is to make the utmost of his abilities and opportunities, and who in one way and another is developing his country's hidden treasures and imparting his own practical enthusiasm to other lives, there are a relish and a delight in the search for knowledge that compensate a thousandfold.

I have ever observed it to have the office of a wise patriot among the greatest affairs of the State, to take care of the commonwealth of learning.

BEN JOHNSON.

SOMETHING ABOUT SALT.

SALT is an article that is in daily use in the humblest homes. It has a number of interesting facts connected with it.

Salt is used all over the world much in the same way as water. Animals and human beings alike have a craving for it. In some parts of Africa children eat it in preference to sugar, and on the Gold Coast a handful of salt will purchase two slaves.

The Germans call it "the gift of God," and used to believe that prayers were better offered near salt. In the East salt is considered sacred.

All oaths taken over it are inviolable, and, when an Arab offers salt to a guest, he guarantees his safety.

The Romans believed that salt put on a sacrifice and falling off, was a sign of disaster; hence the origin of "bad luck" attendant upon the spilling of salt.

The two powers which, in my opinion, constitute a wise man are those of bearing and forbearing.

EPICTETUS.



GRAVE OF AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

For Every Other Sunday.

KITTIE-CAT.

BY GRACE MAY NORTH.

LITTLE bit of Kittie-Cat
Went about the house,
Softly on its tiptoes,
Hunting for a mouse.
Little bit of Kittie-Cat
Climbed up in a tree;
Birdie pecked him down again,
Frightened as could be!
Little bit of Kittie-Cat
Said: "Some milk I'll drink;
Mice and birds for tiny cats
Aren't so nice, I think."

For Every Other Sunday.

LOOK TWICE, LITTLE MAN.

BY MRS. E. D. RICHMOND.

PAUL was in his first year at school; and, as he lived very near the school building, he was home early both morning and afternoon.

He was a dear little man, with sparkling brown eyes and of a most helpful disposition.

He came a little earlier than usual on this particular afternoon, and, after giving mamma an extra big hug, asked, "What can I do to help you, mamma?"

"Well, my son, you may go egg-hunting, if you wish. Here is your little red bucket. Be polite to our feathered friends and handle each egg with care."

He was off with a song, and his two feet made quick steps to the poultry-house. The

fine hens knew our little boy, as he had made friends with every one of them; and now each one stood with head on one side, eyeing the little red bucket and giving a satisfied chirrup as if to tell him of the eggs they had left in the nice straw nests for his coming.

The gay bucket was soon pretty well filled; but Paul wished to give mamma a big surprise on this day, or a "surprise joke," as he called it: so he hastened to the barn near by and went in Old White Head's stall, where he had seen a comfortable-looking nest with an egg in it the day before. It was just dark enough not to see things straight; but he concluded to set his bucket down, and, with one foot on a short post near by, braced himself and reached over into the manger. To his surprise he touched a cold, slippery thing that made him jump rather suddenly and withdraw his hand. Paul was a thoughtful youngster, and now he thought a wise little thought. He got down very quietly, so as not to disturb the supposed sleeping reptile, left his bucket of eggs in an excellent place for Old Speckle-back, Rose-top, and a half dozen other favorites to devour if they so desired, and ran as fast as his two pedals could carry him to the house, scarcely breathing till the door was closed behind him.

It was not very easy to talk, for the scare he had received; but he managed to call out by jerks, "O mamma, do come, do come to the barn. There is a snake out there." And between breaths he told of the dark corner, and called for the lantern and some matches.

"Shall we ask papa to go, too?" said mamma.

"I see he is coming now."

"Yes, oh, yes, papa, do come," said Paul,

running to meet him at the door. "I really and truly put my hand right on a snake in bossie's manger."

Papa smiled quietly. He was always an obedient servant to such demands (especially on excited occasions), and, reaching for the lantern, he said, "Come, my lad, we will settle that snake, won't we?"

The other members of the household had now arrived from school; and, as their curiosity had advanced to a high degree, their feet, hands, and tongues were affected, and our little hero (?) had much difficulty in being heard in his entreaties to be quiet, or they would scare the snake away.

Five pairs of feet tiptoed as they neared the barn door. The match was struck as quietly as possible, the lantern lighted, and all was in readiness. Eyes were eager and lips were mum as our little leader led the way to the horrible creature's corner.

"O Glorious Light!" Although small, what did it reveal?

A look from first one and then another, then a shout of laughter, all at our dear little man's expense.

"A great joke on Paul," the children cried almost in one breath.

"Yes, dear little brother," said the devoted sister of twelve summers, "Old White Head played that joke on you, didn't she?"

Such was indeed the truth. Papa had put some salted potato peelings into her box of bran, and, as she did not eat as carefully as she should, a part of her food had dropped into the nicely made nest.

The face of our captain clouded for a minute,

then he broke into a laugh that was re-echoed by the other children, and the joke was taken in good part. The stray potato peeling was mounted high on a pole, and, with our victim at the head, the feet made merry march around the house till dinner was called.

The smiles kept going for several days, and our little Paul enjoyed the joke on himself quite as much as others did. The meals were relished with better appetites, too, and a vote was taken to

"Smile whenever you can,
'Tis good for child and man."

GROWN-UP LAND.

A GREETING, fair maid, with the lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

Oh, this way, that way—with never a stop;
'Tis picking up stitches that grandma will drop;
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away;
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay;
'Tis helping mother; 'tis sewing up rents;
'Tis reading and playing; 'tis saving the cents;
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,—
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town.

Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray:
Where is Manhood Town? Can you tell the way?

Oh, by toiling and striving to reach that land—
A bit with the heart, a bit with the hand;
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill, Work;
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street, Shirk;
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part;
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart;
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,—
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town!

And the lad and maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in the Grown-up Land.

For Every Other Sunday.

SCENIC MOUNT LOWE.

BY AD H. GIBSON.

ONE of the most interesting journeys that a traveller can take in Southern California is the trip to scenic Mount Lowe, a part of the Sierra Madre Mountains, and 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The railway by which this beautiful place is reached is a wonderful feat of engineering skill, and in the construction of which Prof. Lowe expended a fortune. The route affords views of the grandest scenery obtainable in Western mountains.

In starting from Los Angeles one gradually ascends from a tropical climate in a valley abounding with characteristic fruits and flowers. All trace of these is soon lost in the higher zone entered, and here the hardy live oak, the stalwart pine, and mountain flowers of northern countries take their places.

After leaving Los Angeles the car passes through San Gabriel Valley and beautiful Pasadena, "the crown of the valley," which is the home of many of the millionaires in the United States. Here, too, is the celebrated Ostrich Farm, where a large number of full-grown birds and chicks may be seen. A white spot will stand out distinctly against the dark background of the mountains before you. This spot marks a part of Mount Lowe, far, far up above the city nestling almost at its base. But Pasadena is really six miles from the mountains, although the distance does not appear to be half that.

At Altadena a change is made to the Mount Lowe car, and the climb of the picturesque foothills begins. When Rubio Canyon is reached, an ascent of 2,100 feet has been made, one hardly realizing it at all. At this point is the starting of the wonderful incline road, which is the combined product of science, patience, and genius. Entering the incline car, you are soon going up, up, as if mounted on the wings of a fabulous bird. To look upward or downward is a thrilling experience, and may, to the timid or nervous, cause a shivering sensation to creep along the spine.

At Echo Mountain, where you step out of the incline car, you have gained an elevation of 3,500 feet above sea-level. Here is situated the Echo Mountain Chalet, a comfortable hostelry so conveniently situated as to command interesting views of all the different grades of the great Incline Railway. From this point, too, may be seen the valleys of San Gabriel, La Canada, and San Fernando, the towns of Altadena, Pasadena, and Los Angeles, and the blue Pacific with its islands of Santa Catalina, Santa Barbara, and San Nicholas.

If one does not become dizzy as he stands at the top looking down the steep incline by which he has ascended, he is fortunate, indeed. The grades of the incline are 60, 62, 58, and 48 per cent., and in a distance of 3,000 feet an altitude of 1,300 feet has been ascended. It is one of the most wonderful railways ever constructed, one of the most attractive features being the steepest bridge ever built,—200 feet in length, and the upper end 120 feet higher than the lower end. This great cable incline is made safe by ample safety devices, and during the seven years which it has been in operation not an accident has ever occurred.

Echo Mountain is a grand observation point. Here are the power and engine houses, where the great working machinery may be seen. Here, too, is found the Great World's Fair searchlight of 3,000,000 candle power, which is in operation each night. It is the most powerful searchlight in the world, its far-reaching beams enabling a person to read a newspaper on the shores of the Pacific, or a letter, at a point many miles distant. An astronomical observatory is here, under charge of a professor, who has had extensive practice in handling telescopes and studying the "azure vault studded with stars."

From Echo Mountain to Alpine Tavern the railway leads over sublime mountain scenery. One is constantly going higher and higher, winding around the edges of deep canyons, looking far down their dizzy sides, and observing still other canyons of equal beauty just ahead, and reaching a point in the road that reveals the many different loops made to reach Alpine. One crosses the Great Circular Bridge which strands a grand canyon, making a circle around the spur of the mountain, bringing once more into view Echo Mountain and the valleys below.

This serpentine road affords the most beautiful views for miles and miles around; and, as these enchanting scenes unfold, like a grand panorama, before the observer's eye, he is charmed with the artistic sculpturing of Dame Nature and the success of science in having made this road possible. Some of the inviting points of interest along this semi-aerial route are Los Flores Canyon, Cape of Good Hope, Millard Canyon, Live Oak Grove, Sunset Point, Granite Gate, Grand Canyon, Alpine Park, and Mount Lowe Springs.

Soon the car spins one up, up, among the giant pines that stretch out welcoming arms, and that add very materially to the magnifi-

cence of the Sierra Madre Mountains. Rounding the last curve in the winding road, Alpine Tavern, 5,000 feet in elevation above the sea, is suddenly thrust into view. This scenic railway up the mountain lifts the curtain that for ages has prevented the tourist from beholding the beauties of this region, with its great heights piercing the clouds, the craggy chasms, the picturesque glens and grottoes, and the grand old forests that clothe the rugged slopes with majesty.

At Alpine Tavern refreshment and rest may be secured. Here may be obtained ponies or burros with guides for the ascent to the summit of Mount Lowe, about 1,100 feet higher. The trail is a steep, winding one, affording views from every known cardinal point of the valleys and rambling canyons below. The climb is very exhilarating, and the views to be obtained at the summit well worth the effort. Pasadena, Los Angeles, Santa Monica, and many interesting features may be seen in the distance.

Viewed in the night from this lookout point, the electric lights of these cities scintillate like a million rich jewels on a carpet of dusky velvet. Prof. Lowe deserves the thanks of his country for having successfully planned and constructed a road which brings man into close and uplifting touch with the sublimities of nature centred here.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE GOLDEN PUMPKIN.

BY SUSIE L. FITZ.

THE glorious autumn sunset cast a glow over the whole meadow: near by the woods dressed in scarlet and yellow took on a brighter hue. The river looked like a golden ribbon, and even the tiny brook seemed like a golden thread.

In this meadow between the tall stocks of corn, which stood like sentinels on duty, were pumpkins,—bright, golden pumpkins,—so many you could not count them all.

What was to become of all of them?

Listen, I will tell you! Some the patient cows, who have been grazing in the lower pasture, will receive; some will be carried on a long journey to a neighboring city to be sold; some will find their way to the old brick house, where they will be made into golden pumpkin-pies which are hungry children's delight.

But the Golden Pumpkin,—yes, it lived in the meadow, too, with all its brothers and sisters, great and small. As the days grew shorter and the nights became colder, it reflected about the future. What was to become of it? It longed to do some good and be of some use in the world.

This day, however, its musings were interrupted by two children who had come into the meadow, just returning from school.

"Do you suppose we'll find a good one, John?" the little girl was saying.

"Oh, yes! We will hunt together for the biggest and the smoothest one in the whole field," returned her brother.

Holding each other by the hand, they searched the long rows, stopping now and then to compare some of them, until, at last, they stopped in amazement before the Golden Pumpkin.

"Isn't that a fine one?" exclaimed Tillie, clapping her hands. "Are you sure we can lug it up to the house?"

"I will cut a long stem," said John, "then I will carry most of it."

The Golden Pumpkin shivered. It did not want to be cut away from its stem and carried

away by two children. It wanted to do something great in the world; but before it had time for another thought, or even had time to say good-bye to the other pumpkins, it was cut from its vine by John's sharp knife and borne away to the house.

What do you think happened to this pumpkin? Did mamma make it into pies? Did the brown cow have it for her supper? No, none of these things. Just this,—they made it into a beautiful Jack-o-lantern.

Such big eyes and funny nose and a huge mouth which displayed two rows of teeth! It seemed as though the pumpkin were laughing now, and you may be sure the children laughed with glee as they danced around it when it was completed.

"Call mamma, Tillie," said John, standing back to view his work. "Ask her if she has a candle."

Mamma was delighted with "Jack," and had a big blue candle which she placed in the centre.

Although the golden sunset had faded to a dull gray, it was not yet dark enough to light the candle. So the children, obeying mamma's request, went into the house and were soon doing ample justice to the delicious supper prepared for them. They talked excitedly, the while, about the adventures which they had planned for the evening.

The Golden Pumpkin, left alone, felt very gloomy. To be separated from its companions was hard; but to be used as a plaything for children was very trying, indeed.

"Don't be out after eight o'clock," mamma said, as the children kissed her good-bye; "and do not do anything rude. Remember the happiest times are when we do good."

They had been on their march around the little village and were returning home by the road which crosses the brook near the river, when, as they approached the bridge, Tillie's sharp eyes detected something black in the centre of the road.

"O John!" she said, in a frightened whisper, pointing to the spot, "what is that?"

John stopped, and, lowering his lantern, looked cautiously around him. He was not long in discovering that the little stream, swollen by recent rains, had undermined the earth, leaving a large hole in the centre of the road.

"Tillie," he said, with sudden determination, "you run home to tell papa about this, and I will stand here to warn any one who might come."

"I don't dare to go. I don't know the way it is so dark." Then poor little Tillie began to cry.

"Well, you needn't," said John, who didn't like to see his sister cry. "I will go with you, but I'll leave this lantern here to warn them."

Papa was soon warned. He could do nothing that night but build a fence across the road. He then put a new candle in the lantern, after which he placed it upon the fence.

There the Golden Pumpkin hung, wishing dreamily to be of some good in the world, and thinking how important a position it held.

Suddenly, the sound of wheels and the hoofs of a horse travelling rapidly were heard.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "the boys think that is a fine trick, don't they? But Bess and I will show them we don't stop for such things. Go on, Bess."

Bess did not move.

"Go on, Bess, I say," said the doctor, impatiently, as he drew out his whip. Still Bess would not stir.

"I guess there is something wrong here after all, or Bess wouldn't behave so." And the doctor stepped from his carriage to find the cause of the trouble.

"Well, well!" said the doctor, chuckling to himself, as he drove home by another road. "Who would have thought that a pumpkin would have saved my life! I think that is the one I saw the Davis children making this afternoon, just at sunset. I'll call round tomorrow and reward them."

WHAT TO READ.

IF you have the "blues," read the Twenty-seventh Psalm.

If your pocket-book is empty, read the Thirty-seventh Psalm.

If people seem unkind, read the fifteenth chapter of John.

If you are discouraged about your work, read the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Psalm.

If you are all out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

If you are losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians.

If you can't have your own way in everything, keep silent, and read the third chapter of James.

For Every Other Sunday.

OUR SUMMER AT THE BEACH.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS).

As we had always been to the country for our vacation, we were very much pleased when papa bought a cottage at the seashore.

Hour after hour was spent on the beach watching the waves dash over the rocks, and in stormy weather, with a rush and a roar that made us hold our breath, send the spray twenty feet over the very top of the highest rock.

In the cottage next door to us were two girls near my own age, Else and Ruth Lawrence and a little invalid brother Harold.

One morning I saw the two girls very busily picking up driftwood on the beach. I watched them from the piazza, wondering if they would like my help and the company of a brown girl; for I was very brown, and my nose was—well, it was very red.

My aunt, who was idly swinging in the hammock, presently sprang out with one of her quick little jumps, and with a laugh said, "Now I know you are just dying to lend a hand on that driftwood pile. I am going to find out what it is all about. Come, Hazel, we'll take a walk on the beach."

I readily joined her, and from our apparently aimless walk we came in contact with the girls and soon were busily engaged in conversation. We found the driftwood was for a marshmallow toast that evening, which we also were invited to share.

We asked them why we had not seen them on their piazza, and were told that their little brother had been ill all winter and was still too feeble to be about much.

"You see," said Else, the eldest, "we read to him a great deal, and he is getting tired of that, and longs to be out doors."

"To-day he said he wished we might have a fire on the beach and toast marshmallows. He was hurt in an automobile accident and has to use a wheel chair when he goes out."

"Can we not help wheel him to the beach, so he can enjoy it better?" said Aunt Lucy.

"I think we might if he was interested; but you see his head was hurt, too, and he gets discouraged easily."

"Well," said auntie, "suppose we lend a hand and cheer him up. That's what we are here for."

"Thank you so much," said Else. "We will speak to Harold and signal for you to come if he wishes."

A few minutes later a handkerchief fluttered

from the cottage, and auntie and I went for our first call.

Their little brother looked so pale and delicate I hardly knew what to say, but Aunt Lucy seemed to know just what to do to cheer him up. She showed him a box of pretty shells she had collected, telling him about the fiddler crabs and sea anemone, until he began to laugh and asked if he could be wheeled to the beach that evening.

The sisters looked at her in amazement; and, when we went away, Else came to the door and thanked auntie very prettily for making Harold laugh. "Why, Miss Morris, he has not even smiled since we came here, two weeks ago, until this afternoon."

"Don't you worry. We like little boys, and we are just going to have fun watching him get well."

"Oh, yes," said I, "just trust Aunt Lucy for making everybody happy around her. She will not only lend a hand to the sick, but we shall all come in for some of her sunshine."

Oh, such fun as we had that evening! Of course some of our marshmallows got afire, and we burned our fingers and tongues, but that was half the fun.

When we had eaten until we could eat no more, Else got her mandolin, and we sat around the dying fire singing songs.

After that night the girls and I spent many happy days together. We sailed, walked, and rode on the beach.

Harold kept improving, so that the girls and I could wheel him out oftener on the beach.

Aunt Lucy was over there nearly every day cheering him, always having some new thing to show him.

Finally, one day, Ruth, Else's smaller sister, came running in to tell us that the doctor said Harold could walk next week, Wednesday.

Immediately Aunt Lucy put on her "thinking-cap" to see what fun she could get up for that day.

About nine the next Wednesday I saw a carriage, drawn by four little donkeys, standing before their door. Soon Ruth and Else came running out, and then Harold and his mother came down the steps and got into the carriage. Then I knew that we were going to have a picnic. Auntie had three great baskets of goodies and pillows and blankets for Harold to lie down upon when he got tired. We spent the day in a large pine grove, playing games, being careful that Harold did not get too tired. When we arrived home that evening, Harold came up to auntie and said sweetly, "I thank you, Miss Morris, for the good time I have had to-day."

The girls decided to have a little party, for Harold had improved greatly. So one bright night ten couples came to play games. After they had played for an hour, a hurdy-gurdy stopped there and began to play. Then auntie came up the steps and cried, "Get your partners for a waltz." Immediately there was a great scramble, and soon the party were dancing happily. Even Harold could dance a little. Lemonade and candy were served between the dances, and, when the party went, they said they had one of the pleasantest evenings they had ever spent at the beach.

The day before Aunt Lucy and I were to start for home, she said she wanted to take us all out to the light-house near there. A man said he would take us out in a motor boat, as it was very hard to land in row boats where there were so many rocks. When we reached the ledge, we were pulled up in a chair about two hundred feet from the ground, and then went in at a window in the side. We were shown all over the light-house and told many interesting stories. Two men stay at the light-house all the time, each man staying two weeks. They told us that during the storms in September and December often they have to stay four weeks at a time, as the waves dash over the very top of the light.

We had quite a hard time getting into our boat after the visit to the light-house. So, when we reached home, we were pretty wet; but we had had a lovely time there.

When we went home the next morning, Aunt Lucy and I voted we had had the pleasantest summer in our life at the beach.

HESTER E. YOUNG.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.

CARLYLE.

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

THROUGH the night Thy angels kept
Watch beside me while I slept;
Now the darkness has passed away,
Thank thee, Lord, for this new day.

North and south, and east and west,
May Thy holy name be blessed!
Everywhere beneath the sun,
As in heaven, Thy will be done!

Give me food that I may live;
Every harmful thought forgive;
Keep all evil things away
From Thy loving child this day.

The Myrtle.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Nor long ago the following letter came to the Editor. It was written by a friendly reader of *Every Other Sunday* living in the Middle West:

Dear Editor,—In reply to some questions of the "Editor's Chair" allow me to answer for myself.

I for one am not at all tired of any of the departments. I like the "Biblical Questions," but enjoy the "Home Study Club" as much.

The puzzles are always a pleasant diversion, and often give one a new thought.

We especially enjoy the poems and the quotations.

The engravings are a great addition.

Just now, as I turned the paper to look at the pictures, my eye caught the opening remark in "Linnie Winslow's Undertaking," on page 11. It occurred to me that a little space devoted to the correction of common errors of speech would be very helpful to many of us. Give the corrections and the reason for it.

"I don't hardly see," etc.,—two negatives.

In "A Visit to Grandma's," page 4, "Dick, who was a little larger than myself," the compound personal pronoun used when not in reference to the subject of the clause nor for emphasis.

"I was very frightened." Very cannot modify a verb, so not a participle.

These are not written in the spirit of criticism, you may be sure. I could not write the least little bit of a story; but sometimes children have said to me: "I know it is right. It is that way in the paper." One does not feel like shaking their confidence in what they see in the papers, for that is of so much value to them.

Thanking you for the pleasure and help I get from your paper, and hoping you will receive my suggestion just as it is meant, I remain,

Yours very truly,

M. F. P.

P.S. Here is one mistake just now heard, "She came in and kissed her papa and I good-night."

M. F. P.

The Editor sent an answer, as printed below, to his esteemed correspondent:

Dear Madam,—Thank you for an interesting letter, as well as the answers to puzzles and enigmas. Your friendly opinion of *Every Other Sunday* warms my editorial heart; for, when we

take pains with anything, we naturally enjoy an appreciation of the results.

The suggestion you make as to corrections is quite valid from your point of view. I find, however, that the cases you mention are parts of conversations among children, and we allow writers of stories for our paper to use the ordinary language of children to a certain extent, while knowing that it is ungrammatical. The writers themselves are aware that it is not good English, but they are trying to be true to child life. I imagine no harm is likely to come in the education of children from this custom, since we can easily tell them that these are errors, and ought to be corrected, giving an opportunity for indicating what is proper. I think such liberty can be carried too far, and I am obliged to you for giving warning. With best wishes.

THE EDITOR.

After all, a question arises in the editorial mind: perhaps the correspondent and we are of the same mind, only "M. F. P." suggests a department in which children can find correct English for their mistakes.

LETTER-BOX.

ENIGMA IV.

I AM composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 5, 17, 10, is the name of a Roman deity.

My 3, 10, 13, 14, 9, is perceived by one of the seven senses.

My 12, 18, 13, 15, is a garden vegetable.

My 6, 2, 18, is an enemy.

My 7, 19, 20, the opposite of young.

My 8, 13, 9, 16, 4, is burdened.

My 11, 16, 17, 10, 14, is seldom.

My whole is a great Dutch patriot and martyr to the cause of religious toleration.

C. GRAVES.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 19 letters.

My 7, 2, 10, 6, 8, 7, is an American poet.

My 15, 14, 17, 17, 11, a writer of hymns.

My 13, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, a sweet poetess.

My 12, 2, 10, 13, 17, 17, another sweet poetess.

My 17, 18, 6, 6, 3, 4, 8, 13, 11, 12, 5, 7, 16, 4, is a famous poem by Kipling.

My 19 appears three times in my whole.

My whole is a celebrated poem by an American writer.

G. F. S.

DUAL MEANINGS.

In this place. To use the ears.

A young woman. To fail to hit.

A fowl. A tailor's iron.

The throat. A narrow passage between hills.

Sound. Virtuous.

A person of rank. Worthy.

A part of the body. Firmness.

A fictitious tale. New.

To notice closely. A short letter.

An officer of a ship. A companion.

A spear. To pierce.

To leap. A bitter plant.

MARION SANDERS.

CHARADE.

My first does with ladies and lawyers abound,
And in regular families always is found;

My second to water or wind may belong,

Or to twenty things more, had I room in my song;

My whole is a thing that its fate does bemoan,

'Midst a sound that is formed of a tune and a groan.

Y. D.

RIDDLE.

I AM difficult to find, and yet more difficult to keep; the curious know me, pay me great attention; but fate keeps me from appearing; for the moment I see the light I cease to exist.

Selected.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 2.

ENIGMA II.—Battle of Manila Bay.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.—Julia Ward Howe.

ELISIONS.—Spain, span. Turkey, key. Sweden, den. Germany, germ. Portugal, port. England, land. Ireland, ire.

CHARADE.—Shoe-string.

A class in the Unitarian Sunday School, Barneveld, N.Y., sent in answers to puzzles in No. 1. Miss Myra F. Powell, Crookston, Minn., has also forwarded some, saying that she finds the Letter-Box "a pleasant diversion."

HOME STUDY CLUB.

WHO SAID OF WHOM:

1. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"?

2. "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind"?

3. "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth"?

4. "An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man"?

5. "If his soul were turned inside out, not a spot would be found on it"?

6. "He was in the public service fifty years and never attempted to deceive his countrymen"?

7. "Nothing grovelling, low or meanly selfish came near his head or his heart"?

8. "A city full and a nation full honor him"?

9. "Maid of Athens, ere we part,

Give, oh give me back my heart"?

10. "It seemed as if the breezes brought him,

It seemed as if a sparrow taught him,

As if by secret signs he knew

Where in far fields the orchids grew"?

[Contributed by Nancy M. Abbott.]

Answers

To questions published Sept. 23, 1906.

1. Nestor of Pylos was the oldest and most experienced of all the Greek chieftains who went to the siege of Troy.

2. The motion of the earth is perpetual; all artificial motion is temporary.

3. For a long time after the invention of pins, in the fourth century, they were so expensive that only very wealthy ladies could afford to use them. So it became customary to give ladies on their marriage a sum of money called "pin money" to buy pins.

4. Matthew Prior.

5. One is in Rome; the other, in Paris.

6. April 4, 1818: went into effect July 4, 1818.

7. On the Fourth of July succeeding the admission.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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